

THREE POEMS

O F

St. PAUL's Cathedral :

V I Z.

The RUINS.

The REBUILDING.

The CHOIRE.

*Verum Hæc tantum alias inter caput extulit Urbis,
Quantum lenta solent inter Viburna cupressi.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by Ben. Griffin for Sam. Keble, at the Turk's-Head,
over against Fetter-lane, in Fleet-street, 1697.

450.



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over against the Bank, in London.

The R U I N S.

Writ in the Year, 1668.

IT was a Curious, tho' a mournful Thought,
Led me to visit that unsightly Place,
Where dismal Fate such a sad Change had wrought,
That none cou'd know the Object by the Face.

I who have seen thy Beauties Pride, before,
Thou Queen of *England's* Churches, I who here
Have heard thy charming Voice, view thee once more,
Tho' now nor Speech, nor Comeliness appear.

Yet Speechless as thou art, were *Donne*, and all
Those moving Preachers, here, that once were thine,
All they cou'd say were less Emphatical
Of Death, false Glory, and deceitful Time.

I did suppose 'em here, and they are here!
What Wonder's this? Those who before did Teach
Such Doctrines, now lie mute, and disappear,
And even these Stones assume their place, and Preach.

The parts so many in this Sermon are,
As there are places in this ruin'd Pile,
First see, where that wild Dunghill lies, just there
Beauty and Order sat enthroned e'rewhile.

Beauty! what art thou, posting thus away?
If *Pauls* which stood this Island's Fame and Grace
Above a Thousand Years, fell in one Day,
How canst thou last one moment in a Face?

See in that place Confusions thick-sown Field,
With Limbs of Tombs: A Lady's Arm lies there
Of Aliblasters, in a Marble Sheild,
'Twixt half a Knight, and a Devote at Prayer.

A Casual heap of divers sorts of Stone,
In several Forms, all met from several Ways,
As if their meeting was design'd, alone,
A Monument of Discord, here, to raise.

Here's an imperfect Limb, and there lies more :

Thus, Poets say, when the Great Floud was gone,
Lookt *Pyrrha's* Stones which did Mankind restore,
Their Humain shape scarce being half put on.

What Lead is that so bruis'd, and smear'd with Filth,
Lies on the Brink of those new open'd Graves,
Like a fresh Furrow turn'd up by the Tilth,
Or Wreck new cast ashoar by angry Waves ?

† *Hic jacet*
Nicholaus
Bacon miles
quondam
Custos mag-
ni Sigilli

See Letters too, † that say, *Bacon* lies here
First Chancellor of that Name, who heretofore
Kept that unquiet Office twenty Year,
But cannot keep the peaceful Grave Fivescore.

Anglia sub Elizabetha Regina, qui functus est Officio viginti annos. Ob. An. Dom. 1578. Cast on a leaden Coffin.

This Lead in *Pauls* might as a Wonder shew,
But that Humility is Ruin proof :
Safe and intire this lay i'th' Floor below,
While Flames did humble that above the Roof.

Ha ! What is that peeps through yon' Grave and Shroud
With such a frighted, and a frightful look ?
Gastly as Comets from behind a Cloud,
When they declare what's Writ in fates Black Book.

Gallants, what think ye, will this fashion do ?
A Wig may well supply his loss of Hair :
His Nose is gone, that may be wanting too ;
But here's no Eyes, ah ! that is past repair.

Now wou'd you have an Object to invade
All that is Man within you, by the sight,
See there Death's presence Chamber quite display'd :
Ha ! this doth both the Eye, and Nose affright.

Yet mind how that bold Sexton there doth tread
Familiarly upon the Trunk half Clay,
And crams to it the Bones of several Dead :
Sure he's more Dead and Senceless than are they !

Look here, you Wantons, for like this must be
Your last soft Bed, and such your spacious Room ;
Such Garb, such Mirth, and such gay Company,
And such an Odoriferous Perfume.

Where's the rich *Cenotaph*, and richer *Shrine*,
With all those pompous Words here lately read,
Which Princes made Majestick, Saints, Divine ?
All sunk, and perisht all, as are their Dead.

Memorials need their Epitaphs! We might
 (Cou'd we as truly point the where, and whom)
 With some Coal of this ruin'd Fabrick, write
Here lies within this place that Great Man's Tomb.

False Guardians! You but ill discharge your Trust,
 Thus from your silent Wards to fall away;
 Mingling your Rubbish with their finer Dust:
 While of your Dead you nothing shew, or say.

Scarcely their Names remain: Yet * one of these
 Slept in his Grave two hundred Years, intire.
 Nor wonder; he who owns this House can please
 To guard his Saints both from the Earth, and Fire.

*Bishop
 Graybrook
 supposed.

Oh Revernd Man! If I mayn't call thee more
 Than such, when to this perfect Shape of thine
 Flames knew their distance, and Worms seem'd t'adore,
 Thou wast thine own best Epitaph, and Shrine.

But how cou'd Tombs preserve their Dead, so small,
 When *Pauls* nor them, nor her own self cou'd save?
 The greater Monument on the less did fall;
 And what was once their Glory, is their Grave.

This ponderous Fall in its sad passage hath
 Open'd a place that was both Roof and Floor:
 A Reverend Vault sacred to *Holy Faith*,
 Which n'ere was violated thus before.

Now the Old Tower's t'ane down; and with good Cause,
 Tho' spared by angry Flames; yet for the Head
 Still to survive, is against Nature's Laws,
 When all the Body, and its Limbs are dead.

See yet another Ruin; here were laid
 Choice Authors by the Servants of the Muses:
 And here to sacrilegious Flames betray'd:
 To spare or Wit, or Temples, Fire refuses.

These half burnt Papers, lying here, needs must
 Be for the Library of the Dead mistook:
 And for a Scholar, fal'n himself to dust,
 Ashes of Paper is a proper Book.

Cou'dst thou not, *Pauls*, in all thy Vaults of Stone,
 Preserve these Papers from the Tyrant Flame?
 When thou by Paper, and by it alone,
 Art still preserved to triumph o're the same.

Wer't not for Books, the Loss had double been:
 But that thou art in *Dugdale's* painful Story
 And Beautious Illustrations, to be seen,
 Thy Memory had perisht with thy Glory.

See the Reward of learned Pains! as he
 Hath writ for *Pauls* a Monument to Fame,
 So the same *Pauls* in gratitude will be
 An Everlasting Honour to his Name.

The Rebuilding.

Writ in the Year, 1677.

What Infant Beauty's this with Royal Grace,
 Springs up a grateful Object to our Eyes
 In so deform'd and desolate a Place?
 As Chymick Flowers from their own Ashes rise.

Does Time revolve back to the *Saxons* Days,
 Devotions more than Golden Age? 'Twas thus
 Those were employed who did the Temples raise,
 And left, I blush I can not say, to us.

For a succeeding Age produc'd a Race
 That durst assume the (then unthought of) Guilt,
 And with a false but equal Zeal, deface
 What the *True Puritans* before had built.

But now slow time repays again that Debt
 Which kind Antiquity of old did lend:
 Fate has a Monarch raised who, Good as Great,
 Does like himself, our wounded Faith defend.

Tell of the pious *Ethelbert* no more,
 Nor mention peaceful *Edgar's* happy Fame,
 Since that renown they justly claim'd before,
 Lessens and drowns in *Charles* his greater Name.

Those Royal Saints rejoice where now they reign,
 To see the chief of all their mighty Heirs,
 Under his Government restore again
 The Darling Peace, and Piety of theirs.

To such a King what Duty ought appear,
How much of unfeign'd Reverence and Love?
Who not alone pleases all Good Men, here,
But adds a Joy to the Blest Souls above.

He *London* raised, ruin'd and sunk in Fire,
To her now State, and as a Crown to all
(Since higher than Heaven no *Hero* can aspire)
Restores the Honour of her Patron *Paul*,

Paul, a great Prince among the Twelve, and our
Peculiar Doctor, after all the Grief
He lately suffer'd from a Rebel Power,
Has found at *Cæsars* Judgment-Seat, Relief.

Who has not heard how they these Walls did stain
Making a Church a loathsome Stable? Thus
The Saint with Beasts encounter'd once again,
More Barberous than those at *Ephesus*.

Since, like a common *House*, Flames did surprize
The Roof: the Church obscured in Ruins, lay;
'Till now Great *Charles* bids her a Temple rise,
And from her Ten Years sleep, salute the Day.

Here, while the Powers of Art are all employ'd
To build, what's past the thought of Reparation;
The very Ruins are themselves destroy'd,
And the Whole levelled to the first Foundation.

Once more from nothing *Pauls* shall pierce the Sky!
So at the last and universal flame,
Man from that Earth where he dissolved did lie,
Shall spring new made, more fair, and yet the same.

Ruin does thus the way to Beauty prove:
And if a Paradox like this, can be,
The Immaterial Church in time may move
Out of Confusion to Conformity.

Rise a good Omen to our Churches Peace,
Thou reverend Structure; and as thy Saint *Paul*
(Whose Honour did by being 'orecome increase)
Advance more Great and Glorious from thy Fall.

But since a Work like this must slowly rise,
And few may live to see it built out-right,
To satisfy this Generation's Eyes,
Behold in little a Prophetick † Sight

† *The Model.*

Thus

Thus when in flames th' *Arabian* Bird expires,
 To live again in a more vigorous Birth,
 A little *Phenix* from those Funeral Fires
 Starts up the Embryo-Wonder of the Earth.

What miracle of Art will grow from hence,
 And Challenge through the World a Parallel,
 When the bare Model only, for expence,
 And real value, does so far excell?

But something more majestic than even this,
 May we with solid Reason well expect,
 Where to the Work a *Charles* auspicious is:
 An aid so Great can have no small effect.

That darling Name shall be for ever blest;
 And all who help this noble Pile to rise,
 When from their happy Labours here, they rest,
 Eternal Fame shall mention their due praise.

What did I say? Only Eternal Fame?
 Better Records are to such merit given;
 Angels shall write with their own Quills each name
 I'th' everlasting Registers of Heaven.

While every Artist, who is any way
 Concern'd in this illustrious Edifice,
 Like Officers who their own Pensions pay,
 Builds his own Monument in building This.

Earth's Cabinet of Rarities, famed *Rome*,
 No longer now, remains without compare;
 Since *British* Architecture dares presume
 To vie with the most celebrated there.

Britain, who tho', perhaps, the last she be
 To imitate what's Great in Foreign parts,
 Yet when she that hath done, we always see,
 Th' inventors she excells in their own Arts.

Oh, happy *Englishmen*! if we cou'd know
 Our Happiness, and our too active fears
 Of being wretched, did not make us so!
 What cause of grief, but this alone, appears.

France, and her Neighbours flame in mutual War,
 Seeking by Arms each others Rest t'invade;
 But while they burn and bleed, we only, are
 Rich in an envy'd Peace, and Foreign Trade.

While

While there nor Church, nor Sanctuary, can
 Sheild the rich Merchant from the armed Rout,
 Nor Virgin from the lust of furious Man,
 Our Island one *Asylum* seems, throughout.

Sacred and Civil Structures, there, decrease,
 And while to Arms their lofty Heads submit,
 We are imploy'd in the best works of Peace,
 And erect Temples to the God of it.

The CHOIRE.

Writ in the Year, 1697.

TH' *Almighty Architect* forms in Mankind
 The Heart, and nobler Organs of the Soul,
 In the first place; so here first built we find
 The sacred *Choire*, that animates the Whole.

Full twenty Years (a time but short when past,
 Tho' long to come) this noble Object gave:
 See and admire, what Miracles at last
 We may by patient Expectation have.

'Tis true th' *Eternal* built the World's vast Frame
 By one commanding Word, then left to Man
 With time to furnish, and adorn the same:
 The Creature works not as this Maker can!

Those who extoll old *Rome* are forced to say
 The Great *Vitruvius* in our *Wren* survives:
 The Sons of Modern *Rome* as truly may
 Confess, the ancient Piety still lives.

Such solid Art, and uniform Design,
 Admiring *England* ne're did yet behold:
 Where Strength and Curiosity combine,
 To fame these latter Days above the old.

What shall I first applaud, what first display?
 The charming Objects please so many ways,
 That in the Choice 'tis difficult to say
 Where to begin; more where to end our Praise.

Without, within, below, above, the Eye
Is fill'd with equal Wonder and Delight;
Beauty appears in all Variety,
Yet in each different Drefs, 'tis exquisite.

The rich *Festoons* are of fuch noble kind
Around the Sacred Pile, as fure had been
Too good for outward Work, did we not find
Something more Great, more Wonderful, within.

The *Gates* that open to this Glorious Place
Are of fo rare, fo exquisite a Mold,
Who views 'em thinks he has before his Face
*Act. 3. 2. The Temple-Gate call'd * *Beautiful* of Old.

Rich in their Price, in Workmanship no lefs,
And ftill to make it more Authentical,
The hammer'd Mettle carries an Imprefs
Of Holy *Peter* joyn'd to that of *Paul*.

Well may St. *Peter's* Figure here be feen,
For if thofe Gates of which he fhews the Keys
Have ever truly reprefented been,
It is undoubtedly by fuch as thefe.

The *Organ* fuch, for Pipes, Cafe, Coft, and thofe
Rich Marble Legs on which the Frame does ftand,
That all who fee the Work may well fuppose
This the *Cathedral Organ* of the Land.

Such Ornaments, fuch Miracles of Art,
Enrich the *Stalls*, thofe Springs of Harmony,
That did nor Voice, nor Organ, bear their part,
Yet this alone, were Mufick to the Eye.

A Cherub's Head appears o're every Seat
Form'd with furpaffing Skill, as hov'ring there
Like the bright Minifters of Heaven who wait
To catch, and carry up the Suppliants Prayer.

The polifht *Floor* feems to th' admiring Eye
Too Rich and Delicate to tread upon:
More precious, here, than fuch in *Italy*;
For here 'tis Marble, there, the Country Stone.

The *Altar-Piece*, and Decorations there,
Are of a New, and fingular Defign:
And all as pleafing as furprizing are,
While with a folemn Gayety they fhine.

This is a handsome Abstract of the Whole:
 For all the Objects that we here do find
 Are so adapted to a pious Soul,
 At once they cheer, and elivate, the Mind.

How inexcusable is then that Man
 Who backward goes, or in By-paths will stray,
 When in this open, easie Road, he can
 Advance to Heaven in such a heavenly Way?

London has now a Church ! long mist before:
 For 'tis a certain Truth which all must own,
 That for the space of thirty Years, or more,
 The Parish had a Church, the City none.

He who ascends the Roof, and thence looks down,
 While all around he takes th' amazing View
 Of this Unbounded, and still growing Town,
 Stupendious Great, and no less Beautilous too,

Graced with so many Spires, such Princely Halls,
 Whole Streets of Wonders, readily admits
 That such a City fits a Church like *Pauls*,
 And such a Church such City well befits.

Majestick Beauty ! when the Harmony
 Which from thy tuneful Voice is daily given,
 Blesses the Ear, while thus you please the Eye,
 How justly both appear a Taste of Heaven !

Musick, which charms a Soul so many ways,
 Can all th' Affections of the mind produce,
 And every Passion mitigate and raise,
 Is best imploy'd for God, in sacred use.

The only Science that's in Heaven profess'd,
 Useless are other Arts, which we admire:
 In this the Angells joyn and all the Blest,
 Who with Mankind make one full, perfect, Choire.

By Musick's Scale (like *Jacob's Ladder*) we
 In Spirit mount the highest Heavens, and thus
 Meet Angels in united Harmony;
 And the same way Angels descend to us.

Praise is the noblest Sacrifice, and paid
 Duly from noblest Souls, but always best
 (When to the best of Objects, Heaven, 'tis made)
 With Songs, and Instruments of Joy, express'd.

Most aptly then, and with a happy Choice,
 In a Thanksgiving and an Act of Praise,
First opened This Church revives, for Peace, her long lost Voice:
on the 2d. of Celestial Peace! for which the whole Church prays.
Decemb.
1697. a Publick Thanksgiving day for the Peace.

Peace, that shut *Janus* Temple, opens this:
 And thus in Consequence it ought to be;
 So fully opposite the Difference is
 'Twixt true Religion, and Idolatry.

Apace the mighty Fabrick now will rise,
 And the Whole finisht, soon, we hope to see;
 Since in the Work the Church, her self employs,
 By dayly Prayer, and sacred Harmony.

To build with Harmony proves strangely true!
 False and incredible did once appear
 What some have said *Amphion's* Lute cou'd do;
 'Twas Fiction then, but now we see it, here.

F I N I S.

Advertisement.

E *Picteti Enchiridion*, made English. In a Poetical Paraphrase. By Ellis Walker, M. A. Printed for Sam. Keble at the Turk's-Head in Fleet-street, over against Fetter-lane.



